

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

IDLENESS, vice, and intemperance had done their miserable work, and the dead mother lay cold and stark amid her wretched children. She had fallen upon the threshold of her own door in a drunken fit, and died in the presence of her frightened little ones.

Death touches the springs of our common humanity. This woman had been despised, scoffed at, and angrily denounced by nearly every man, woman, and child in the village; but now as the fact of her death was passed from lip to lip, in subdued tones, pity took the place of anger, and sorrow of denunciation.

"What is to be done with the children?" That was the chief question now. The dead mother would go underground, and be for ever beyond all care or concern of the villagers. But the children must not be left to starve. After considering the matter, and talking it over with his wife, farmer Jones said that he would take John and do well by him, now that his mother was out of the way; and Mrs. Ellis, who had been looking out for a bound girl, concluded that it would be charitable in her to make choice of Katy, even though she was too young to be of much use for several years.

But no one said, "I'll take Maggie." Pitying glances were cast on her wan and wasted form, and thoughts were troubled on her account. Mothers brought cast-off garments, and removing her soiled and ragged clothes, dressed her in clean attire. The sad eyes and patient face of the little one touched many hearts, and even knocked at them for entrance. But

none opened to take her in. Who wanted a bedridden child?

The day following the day of death was made the day of burial. A few neighbours were at the miserable hovel, but none followed the dead-cart as it bore the unhonoured remains to its pauper grave. Farmer Jones, after the coffin was taken out, placed John in his wagon and drove away, satisfied that he had done his part. Mrs. Ellis spoke to Kate with a hurried air, "Bid your sister good-by," and drew the tearful children apart ere scarcely their lips had touched in a sobbing farewell. Hastily others went out, some glancing at Maggie, and some resolutely refraining from a look, until all had gone. She was alone! Just beyond the threshold, Joe Thompson, the wheelwright, paused, and said to the blacksmith's wife, who was hastening off with the rest—

"It's a cruel thing to leave her so."

"Then take her to the poor-house; she'll have to go there," answered the blacksmith's wife, springing away, and leaving Joe behind.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson!" she cried out, catching her suspended breath, "don't leave me here all alone!"

"No, dear," he answered, in a kind voice, going to the bed and stooping down over the child, "you sha'n't be left here alone." Then he wrapped her, with the gentleness almost of a woman, in the clean bedclothes which some neighbour had brought; and, lifting her in his strong arms, bore her out into the air, and across the field that lay between the hovel and his home.

Mrs. Thompson saw him approaching from the window, and with ruffling feathers met him a few paces from the door, as he opened the garden-gate, and came in. He bore a precious burden,

and he felt it to be so. As his arms held the sick child to his breast, a sphere of tenderness went out from her, and penetrated his feelings. A bond had already corded itself around them both, and love was springing into life.

"What have you there?" sharply questioned Mrs. Thompson.

"You haven't brought home that sick child!" Anger and astonishment were in the tones of Mrs. Joe Thompson; her face was in a flame. "Women's hearts are hard," said he. "Not half so hard as men's!" said she.

Joe saw, by a quick intuition, that his resolute bearing had impressed his wife, and he answered quickly, and with real indignation: "Be that as it may, every woman at the funeral turned her eyes steadily from the sick child's face, and when the cart went off with her dead mother, hurried away, and left her alone in that old hut, with the sun not an hour in the sky."

"Where were John and Kate?" asked Mrs. Thompson.

"Farmer Jones tossed John into his wagon, and drove off. Katie went home with Mrs. Ellis; but nobody wanted the poor sick one. 'Send her to the poorhouse,' was the cry."

"Why didn't you let her go, then? What did you bring her here for?"

"She can't walk to the poorhouse," said Joe; "somebody's arms must carry her, and mine are strong enough for that task."

"Then why didn't you keep on? Why did you stop here?" demanded the wife.

"Because I'm not apt to go on fools' errands. The Guardians must first be seen, and a permit obtained."

There was no gainsaying this.

"When will you see the Guardians?" was asked, with irrepressible impatience.

"To-morrow."

"Why put it off until to-morrow? Go at once for the permit, and get the whole thing off of your hands to-night."

"Jane," said the wheelwright, with an impressiveness of tone that greatly subdued his wife, "I read in the Bible sometimes, and find much said about little children. How the Saviour rebuked the disciples who would not receive them; how he took them up in his arms and blessed them; and how he said that who-

soever gave them even a cup of cold water should not go unrewarded. Now, it is a small thing for us to keep this poor motherless little one for a single night; to be kind to her for a single night; to make her life comfortable for a single night."

"Look at her kindly, Jane; speak to her kindly," said Joe. "Think of her dead mother, and the loneliness, the pain, the sorrow that must be on all her coming life." The softness of his heart gave unwonted eloquence to his lips.

Mrs. Thompson did not reply, but presently turned towards the little chamber where her husband had deposited Maggie; and, pushing open the door, went quietly in. Joe did not follow; he saw that her state had changed, and felt that it would be best to leave her alone with the child. So he went to his shop, which stood near the house, and worked until dusky evening released him from labour. A light shining through the little chamber window was the first object that attracted Joe's attention on turning towards the house; it was a good omen. The path led him by this window, and when opposite, he could not help pausing to look in. It was now dark enough outside to screen him from observation. Maggie lay, a little raised on a pillow, with the lamp shining full upon her face. Mrs. Thompson was sitting by the bed, talking to the child.

On entering, Joe did not go immediately to the little chamber. His heavy tread about the kitchen brought his wife somewhat hurriedly from the room where she had been with Maggie. Joe thought it best not to refer to the child, nor to manifest any concern in regard to her.

After washing from his hands and face the dust and soil of work, Joe left the kitchen and went to the little bedroom. A pair of large bright eyes looked up at him from the snowy bed; looked at him tenderly, gratefully, pleadingly. How his heart swelled in his bosom! With what a quicker motion came the heart-beats! Joe sat down, and now for the first time examining the thin face carefully under the lamp light, saw that it was an attractive face, and full of a childish sweetness which suffering had not been able to obliterate.

"Your name is Maggie?" he said, as

he sat down and took her soft little hand in his.

"Yes, sir." Her voice struck a chord that quivered in a low strain of music.

"Have you been sick long?"

"Yes, sir." What a sweet patience was in her tone!

What a satisfaction, mingled with gratitude, was in her voice!

"Supper is ready," said Mrs. Thompson, looking into the room a little while afterwards.

"What are you going to do with that child?"

"I thought you understood me that she was to go to the poor-house," replied Joe, as if surprised at her question.

"Mrs. Thompson looked rather strangely at her husband for some moments, and then dropped her eyes. The subject was not again referred to during the meal. At its close, Mrs. Thompson toasted a slice of bread, and softened it with milk and butter; adding to this a cup of tea, she took them in to Maggie, and held the small waiter on which she had placed them while the hungry child ate with every sign of pleasure.

"Is it good?" asked Mrs. Thompson, seeing with what a keen relish the food was taken.

The child paused with the cup in her hand, and answered with a look of gratitude that awoke to new life old human feelings which had been slumbering in her heart for half-a-score of years.

"We'll keep her a day or two longer: she is so weak and helpless," said Mrs. Joe Thompson, in answer to her husband's remark, at breakfast-time the next morning, that he must step down and see the Guardians of the Poor about Maggie.

"She'll be so much in your way," said Joe.

"I sha'n't mind that for a day or two. Poor thing!"

Joe did not see the Guardians of the Poor on that day, on the next, nor on the day following. In fact, he never saw them at all on Maggie's account, for in less than a week Mrs. Joe Thompson would as soon have thought of taking up her own abode in the almshouse as sending Maggie there.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"Pontiff and prince your sway

Did crumble from that day:

Before the loftier throne of heaven

The hand was raised, the pledge was given,

One Monarch to obey—one creed to own,

That monarch, God—that creed, God's word alone."

Just two hundred years ago, this very month, one of the most foolish, tyrannical, and wicked of acts was put in force—the Act of Uniformity—which caused the ejection of upwards of 2,000 of the most learned and pious ministers from the English church. Never in the history of the world did so many true and good men suffer at once for conscience's sake. The tale of their times and their sufferings, this year is told in every dissenting pulpit, and we cheerfully join this month to do them honour, to whom honour is due.

From the time of Wickliffe, five hundred years ago, we have had dissenters from the Established Church. A preference to a more simple form of Church government, and a creed in nearer harmony with the Bible, have led to dissent. Dissenters in England were called Lollards, or Wickliffites, from his time to the Reformation. The so-called Reformation was only an attempt at reform, so that dissenters from the Church, or in the Church, from some articles of faith and some ceremonies, were after this called *Puritans*, from their professed attachment to the "pure word of God," in contrast with prayer-books and creeds; or called *Presbyterians*, from their ideas of a simple form of Church government, approaching Congregationalism; or *Dissenters*, because dissenting from the Church established by law. During the time of the Commonwealth the Presbyterian party in the Established Church became dominant in the Church of England, though all persons who professed faith in God by Jesus Christ were protected in their religion.

Cromwell passed away, and with him religious liberty passed away for a time. The Stuarts came to the throne, and then, as Milton truly puts it, "Our race accursed of God and man is a second time driven forth to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a byword and

shaking of head to the nations." Proficiency and irreligion overspread the nation. Pious men were mocked, and morality was hooted in the streets. We have nothing at present to say of King Charles II., who then came to the throne. His own friends would admit the less said about him the better. The Presbyterian party in the Church had helped him to the throne as well as the Episcopal party. He promised all parties he would protect them, and the Presbyterian leaders heard him say he would make them as happy as himself.

Soon as he was on the throne, the Episcopal or Bishop party gathered round him, and flattered him, and sought the destruction of the Presbyterian party and the suppression of dissent. In the Church there was not complete uniformity, as we have hinted; some approved of bishops and prayer-books, some of a form of worship and government more simple. A part of the prayer-book was used, and some of its ceremonies, in many churches; others abandoned. The Bishop party plagued the King and the Parliament for an "Act of Uniformity" for all Christians in the realm to be in their faith, religious exercises, and ceremonies—all one—one church, one grand hierarchy, after their pattern. This they sought, and got the State to grant them power to enforce this. Let us see what good it did to our country. The Act of Uniformity was passed the House of Lords, 8th of May, 1666; received the Royal assent on the 17th of May, and came into force August the 24th, 1662.

Let us just say, before we go any further, those Nonconformist ministers who would not assent to the Act, that they were not captious, stupid, rebellious men, who had no reason on their side: they had the most ample, moral, rational and Scriptural grounds for objecting.

1.—They were required by the Act of Uniformity to be re-ordained, all who had not previously received Episcopal ordination. 2.—They were to declare their unfeigned assent and consent to every particle of the Book of Common Prayer, with its alterations, yet those alterations were not in their hands. The book only came from the press a few days before the 24th of August. 3.—They were to

believe in baptismal regeneration of little children. A few drops of water regenerates, turns out the old Adam, and gives them a Christian spirit. 4.—They were not to allow fathers and mothers to be sponsors for their own children. 5.—They were to administer the Lord's Supper to none but those who would kneel. 6.—They were to assent that the three orders of the Church were Bishops, Priests, and Deacons—this they denied. 7.—They were to bury all, except unbaptized excommunicants and suicides, and say that "God in his great mercy had taken the soul to himself." 8.—They were to admit that the rule in the Prayer-Book for finding Easter was true, though the Church and all the almanacks prove it to be false. 9.—They could not repeat the Athanasian Creed curses, for they believed that men who walked up to the light they had might be saved. 10.—They could not endorse the translation of the Psalms they had to read as true, for they knew they were false. 11.—They were to subscribe to Canonical law, which they knew to be harsh and unjust. 12.—They were to pronounce excommunication on any one who affirmed anything contrary to the 39 articles, or anything wrong in the Church service, or the government of the Church. They were to pronounce excommunicated all who separated from the Church of England, all who had their children baptized out of their own parish, and every minister who did not wear a surplice. They must renounce every intention of ever changing the form of government in either Church or State. Thus they must give assent and consent to what they knew to be mathematically false, morally unjust, and, according to the Bible, untrue. They were to sign themselves slaves to Church and State in the most complete way by this Act of Uniformity, still in force in the Church. They were to be bound hand and foot, body and soul, and so is every clergyman of the Church of England at the present day, who is faithful to the vows he makes when he enters on what is called holy orders,—he makes the most unholy truce ever mortal man made to be put into the office of priest, and goes about clanking his chains as long as ever he remains in that position. The Essayists and

Reviewers have been trying their hand at freedom. The judge has told them they are slaves, and must not appeal to the Bible, or conscience, or anything but the Church and its laws, or leave the Church. Let us see what the 2,000 did when this law came in force, in 1662.

They were allowed to remain in the Church until the 24th of August. The time drew on. The dissenters, called Independents, Quakers, Baptists, and others, were being persecuted most severely all over the country. A paper in the British Museum shows not less than 12,316 Quakers had suffered, died in prison, been banished, and robbed of their property by law. Men and women in the most public places were at that time placed in the pillory, stripped nearly naked, whipped and pelted for nothing but dissent. Free printing was again prohibited. Darkness and death seemed brooding o'er the land.

These men in the Church saw what was going on, and this was the King and Court that had promised to make them happy. The question was put, "*Will you subscribe?*" Their families looked up to them for bread and protection. In many cases their congregations asked them out of sympathy for them to sign; and others asked them to sign that they might still be blessed by their ministration. Starvation, imprisonment, and death were before them, and Black Bartholomew day was drawing on,—the day they must be cast out of their churches. The last Sunday came, and farewell sermons were to be preached and the churches were filled with sighs, and groans, and tears. Ministers and people remembered the happy days from childhood they had spent together. The old church, the sacred church-yard, and the dear old parsonage, with ten thousand holy associations around which their heart-strings clung. Some of them were young men, willing to spend and be spent in the cause of God and man. There were many of them with white heads, and pure hearts, and strong feelings,

All on one rigorous day,
Driven from their cures,
A voluntary prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
And some to want;
And like noble vessels wrecked
On wild barbarian coasts.

It is known that nearly 2,500 ministers were driven out of their churches by this "Act of Uniformity." That about 3,000 persons died from hardships thus suffered, and that about 60,000 families of Nonconformists were utterly ruined by the State for aiding, lodging, and meeting with those ejected ministers, which the sequel of our tale will prove.

The sacrifices those men endured show the stuff they were made of. Bishop Burnet says: "They were men distinguished for their ability and zeal." John Locke bears similar testimony. It is interesting to turn back and read some of their farewell discourses: these show the power and character of the men. The Rev. John Oldfield chose for his farewell discourse the text—"In the day of adversity consider."—Ecc. vii. 14. He said: "Consideration is the way to resolution, and well-grounded resolution will fortify the soul against the impetuous violence of man, and make it as the rock to repel the dashing waves. To this, O my soul, I now invite thee. Rash engagements often end in shameful retreats and base tergiversation. And what now must cast the scale and determine my resolution—the glory of God, the credit and advantage of religion; my conscience, my salvation, and the salvation of others—these things must cast the scale and determine my resolutions. And where all cannot be promoted, it is fit the less should give place to the greater. Thy ministry, thy people, must be singularly dear to thee and precious, incomparably above body, food, raiment, wife, children, and life itself. But when I can no longer continue in my work without dishonour to God, discredit to religion, foregoing my integrity, wounding conscience, spoiling my peace, and hazarding my salvation; in a word, when the conditions upon which I must continue in my employment are sinful, and unwarranted by the word of God. I must believe that God will turn my silence, suspension, deprivation, and laying aside to his glory and the advancement of the gospel interest. When God will not use thee one way, he will use thee another." Thus did these men reason very differently from some apologists for staying in corrupt

churches, and subscribing false doctrines now. They spoke to themselves—"Why do I preach? for what object do I preach? Is it not to teach righteousness, and should I do an unrighteous thing to carry on the work of righteousness among men?" "Does God need my sinning," said they, "that we may carry on the work of holiness? Surely not!" "When we cannot speak right words, without first having done wrong things to gain a place of standing, then it is better to be silent, and suffer." When the people appealed to them to sign, that they might have the benefit of their services still, they said: "Why do we preach to you, but that you, our hearers, may support a good conscience and righteousness of life? And must we sacrifice a good conscience, *in fact*, to be able to give you this counsel *in words*? Must we be traitors to God that we may appear useful to men? No!"

And they were thrust out of their churches, cast out of the synagogues, and many of them killed by men in "holy orders," thinking they did God service by thus murdering some of the best of men. This act was but the prelude of other calamities, which, thick and fast, fell upon them. They had to hide from their persecutors. At death they were not allowed decent burial. They were covered up in some out of the way place, called by churchmen, afterwards, "The dead men's hole," or "Dead man's place."

They were insulted, and called all kinds of bad names: "fanatics," "schismatics," "heretics," "silly fools." They were railed at in the streets, songs made of them in taverns and play-houses. They were openly punished and secretly robbed. "Partners in faith and brothers in distress; they walked about disguised." When they ventured to open a place for worship, the soldiery and others broke in upon them, dragged them to the ground, or to prison; broke their pulpits, confiscated the houses they met in, and punished the owners.

These men, gentle reader, were the fathers of free thought in England, and of nonsubscription to human creeds. They laid the foundation of the Unitarian Church in England, though not

Unitarian in their belief. They built upon the Bible, and the Bible only, and the right of private judgment; and it would be wrong to allow the memory of such men to perish. Our civil and religious liberty sprung from their teaching, example, and suffering.

"Few exploits with theirs shall page;
They rose to bless mankind;
And left us this great legacy
Man's spirit to unbind."

GOOD WORDS TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY RACHEL EVANS.

(Continued from page 89.)

It is a leading principle in the Gospel, that if any man say he abideth in Christ, he ought himself to walk even as he walked. "Learn of me," says our divine master. "*Learn of me*: heavy and bitter were my sufferings. The agonies I felt forced drops of blood through the frame. I closed an innocent and useful life with the torture and ignominy of the cross; yet I was patient and resigned. Though I felt my sufferings I did not sink under them. I took the cup of affliction and drank it without a murmur: can you not, my disciples, take it after me, and drink it, adopting my language—'Not my will, O Heavenly Father! but thine be done.' *Learn of me* also to bear injuries from men, as well as afflictions from God. Shall every affront raise a tumult in your bosoms? Shall every little injury kindle your anger? You know I provoked no injuries; but how many did I receive with calmness? I was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, I opened not my mouth. I was meek; and as I did not resist or revile, so I forgave. I died praying for my enemies; for them who nailed me to the cross. If you be unrelenting, my example never taught you to be so. If you will not receive into favour those who have injured you; if you will not show kindness to those who have wronged you, this is not the manner in which I behaved. I ordered the doctrine of repentance and the offer of forgiveness to be preached to those who had imbrued their hands in my blood.

Oh! that you who believe in me in these later days had been witnesses to my death, and heard with what fervour and affection I commended my murderers to forgiveness and mercy. Perhaps the spectacle would have so affected and touched you, that you would have forgotten all your injuries, and your hearts would have melted into love towards your enemies, towards the evil and unjust. Retire and contemplate by the eye of faith these scenes, and *learn of me*. Vanity is the fuel of passion; pride feeds resentment. Here, again, in the example which I have set before you, you will find a remedy for your evil passions. My mind was free from all high imaginations; I affected no parade and stateliness. Ask the disciples whose feet I washed, how I conducted myself towards them? Ask them whom I ordered to conceal my miracles whether I was fond of ostentation? Ask the publicans and sinners, inquire of the woman of Samaria what was my deportment? They will inform you that my conversation was mild, familiar, and condescending. I did not court outward respect, nor seek the praise of men. I always ascribed my doctrine and my great power 'to the Father who sent me,' and sought his honour alone. I lived in the lowest station, worked as a carpenter, was the companion of fishermen, and submitted to an ignominious death. There was nothing in my breast to afford nourishment to anger, nothing in my views and designs from which injuries and insult could derive importance. I have been set before you as a pattern of a well disciplined mind; of passions submissive to the dictates of reason, the voice of conscience, and the laws of God. If there was any beauty in my example imitate it. If there was anything excellent and amiable in my dispositions cultivate the like. If you are accustomed to speak with admiration of the humility and meekness of your master, let not your regard for my virtues spend themselves in empty praise. Convince the world by your own temper that he whom you profess to follow was possessed of dispositions at once exalted and attractive." Fourthly: Christ was eminent for the *moderation of his appe-*

tités and desires. Let the same mind be in us which was also in him. "He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." Though he did not affect a gloomy austerity of manners, yet his whole conversation was a sufficient proof that all his desires were under proper government. Though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich. He was crucified to the world, and sought neither its great nor its pleasing things. Earthly wealth, preferments, and pleasures he refused and despised as vain and dangerous. The only sceptre he condescended to receive was a reed; the only throne to which he permitted himself to be raised was a cross. Such a mind was there in Christ Jesus. So much was he above the world. We, indeed, are not called to the same instances of self-denial. But we may; and if we would be Christians, indeed we must learn from a temper so great and heavenly. "He hath left us an example, that we should follow in his steps." Let us be instructed by it at least to lead a manly, rational, and useful life, in imitation of him whose time was devoted to the divine employment of teaching and informing mankind, or to the duties of piety and charity. Let us be instructed to correct our sentiments of this world, and the things it can offer, desirable and great as they may appear in the eyes of mankind: he also knew their value best—chose to be without them. Shall we be anxious about what we eat, or drink, or put on? Shall we be determined on getting as much of the world as possible, as if we were sent into it for no higher end? We are instructed by the example of Christ in a very different lesson. We learn from it in whatever state we are, therewith to be content. Can it well be worse with us than it was with Jesus? Yet though his circumstances were poor; though, in a great degree, he lived on the kindness of others; though in all his good deeds he met with injurious treatment; though his enemies were malicious, and though his death was that of a malefactor, not a word imputing the least discontent ever came from his lips; never did he use his extraordinary powers to avoid these

evils. With such a pattern before us, far be it from us to murmur and repine. Let us aim at that elevation of soul which the Saviour displayed; and whatever our condition is, let us think with what a great and heavenly mind he would have supported it. Under whatever views we contemplate his character and conduct, let us learn these lessons. In the world we meet with many bad examples. But let us converse with the history of Christ; there we find one perfect and spotless. Would that we could behold him again, walking up and down in the world! Would that we could see the benevolent, the peaceable, the meek, the humble, and the Holy Jesus again upon the earth! Do you, Christian, resolve to be the blessed man in whom he shall appear. Let not his image and likeness be lost while you are in being; and labour to leave it upon others when you are dead and gone. Imitate him to the best of your power in all stages and conditions of life—in what he did and what he suffered. Set him before thee in every case, and say, Would my master have thus or thus behaved himself in these circumstances? Would he have yielded to such a temptation, or declined such a conflict? Would he have resented such an injury, or felt the least discomposure upon such an affront? Would he have been elated with such success, or have sunk under such a pressure? Why, then, should I, who have *his* example to guide, and *his* promise of an exceeding reward to encourage me? Nay, blessed Jesus, I will resolve to follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

EXAMPLES FROM HUMBLE LIFE OF

VARIOUS VIRTUES.

1. *Obedience*.—Alonzo was a peasant boy. His father lived in one of those warm and verdant dells which give a charm to the scenery of the green mountains. The low, broad farm-house, with its barns and sheds, haystacks and high wood piles, made almost a little village as they lay spread out in a sunny opening near the head of the glen. A winding road repeatedly crossing a brook which meandered among the trees down the valley, guided the traveller to the

spot. The wide yard was filled with domestic animals; the sheds were well stored with the utensils of the farm; lilac trees and rose bushes ornamented the front of the dwelling, and from the midst of a little green lawn, upon one side of the house, was a deep clear spring, walled in with moss covered stones, and pouring up continually from below a full supply of cool, clear water. A group of willows hung over the spring, and a well-trod footpath led to it from the house. A smooth, flat stone lay before the "end door," as they called it, which led to the spring. Here, during the second year of his life, Alonzo might have been seen almost every sunny day playing with buttercups and daisies, or digging with the kitchen shovel in the earth before the door. The next summer had you watched him, you would have observed that his range was wider, and his plans of amusement a little more enlarged. He had a garden, two feet square, where he planted green sprouts, broken from the shrubs around him; and he would make stakes with a blunt knife, partly for the pleasure of making them, and partly for the pleasure of driving them into the ground. He would ramble up and down the path a little way, and sometimes go with his mother down to the spring to see her dip the bright tin pail into the water, and to gaze with astonishment at the effect of the commotion, for the stony wall of the spring seemed always to be broken in pieces and its fragments waved and floated about in confusion, until gradually they returned to their places and to rest, and, for aught he could see, looked exactly as before. This extraordinary phenomenon astonished him again and again.

One day Alonzo's mother saw him going alone towards the spring. He had the pail, and was going to try the wonderful experiment himself. His mother called him back, and forbade his ever going there alone. "If you go there alone," said she, "you will fall in and be drowned." Alonzo was not convinced by the reason, but he was awed by the command, and for many days he obeyed. At length, however, when his mother was occupied in another part of the house, he stole away softly down the

path a little way. There was a sort of a struggle going on within him while he was doing this. "Alonzo," said conscience—for even at this early age conscience had begun to be developed—"Alonzo, this is very wrong." "I shall not fall in, I know," said Alonzo to himself. "Alonzo, Alonzo," said conscience again, "you must not disobey." Alonzo tried not to hear her, and, instead of answering, he said to himself, "It was many days ago that my mother told me not to come: she did not mean *never*." While saying this Alonzo leant over the spring, and tremblingly plunged in his pail. The magic effect was produced. The stones and moss waved and quivered, to Alonzo's inexpressible delight. His mind was in a state of feverish excitement, conscience calling upon him, and in vain trying to make him hear; fear whispering eagerly, that he might be seen, and curiously urging him again and again to repeat his wonderful experiment. At length he drew out his pail, and went back to the house, the dialogue between conscience and his heart going on all the time. The latter had succeeded so well in its artful policy, that when he came back he really hardly knew whether he had done wrong or not. The contest consisted, on the one side, of the low murmurings of conscience, telling him sternly that he was wrong; and on the other, the turnings and windings of his wilful inclination, trying to quiet, or at least to drown, its remonstrances. He was continually committing sins in the manner already described. These sins were different in circumstances and character as he grew older, but their nature, so far as the feelings of the heart were concerned, were the same. There was the same murmuring of conscience; the same windings and evasions of his heart; the same self-deception; the same success in leading himself to doubt whether the act of transgression which, for the time being, he was committing, was right or wrong. Alonzo failed in the duty of obedience. Had he simply obeyed the dictates of conscience, he would have acted rightly and been happy. Simple obedience is the first duty required by God.

To be continued.

ORGANIZATION OF BANDS OF FAITH.

By GOODWYN BARMBY.

ALL phases of progress are linked together, and one good step suggests another. When considering the difficulty of retaining our elder scholars at the Sunday School, and their unpreparedness to become teachers in it, the thought occurred, "Why might not Bands of Faith be organized among our youth which should do for our Unitarian Church what the Bands of Hope do for the Temperance cause?" Hence the establishment of a first Band of Faith at Wakefield, and the publication of these Band of Faith Tracts.

The principle of confraternity, the plan of lesser religious association, or the organization for special purposes within a general church-body, whether as brotherhoods of religion or sisterhoods of mercy, or in the lesser forms of classes, choirs, bands, and guilds has been known and practiced not only by Latin and Greek Catholics, but by Moravian and Methodist Protestants. It is probably left for the Unitarian Church to develop this principle of confraternity on a wider and more liberal scale than it has before attained.

What were the circumstances under which, in my case, its application was commenced? They were these. There was in our Sunday School a group of youths of from 15 to 19 years of age. No one is too old to be a scholar in an extended sense, but there arrives an age at which young men feel that they have outgrown the miscellaneous classes of Sunday Schools, and at which they frequently feel, or ought to feel, that they owe some teaching to others in return for that they have received themselves. Under the first state of feeling the Sunday School is often left, and its bonds being broken, the congregation is sometimes deserted. Under the second, the sense of duty is frequently suppressed by the consciousness of unpreparedness. It is evident, then, that some arrangement of transition between the school and the chapel is required, and that some mode of preparation should be orga-

nized, through which the scholar should be fitted to become the teacher. Teaching has not been sufficiently recognized as an art. Much information may be possessed without the ability to impart it. It seems to be the duty, then, of the minister of a congregation not only to instruct the younger teachers, but to teach them how to teach others.

Industry is not only useful to others, but to those who perform it. A function given to a member increases his interest in his church. Tract distribution is a work of this kind, and is alike useful to our cause and to those who engage in it, by at once keeping the truth before our members and disseminating it in the world. The organized distribution of tracts is thus a fitting work for the youth of our congregations.

With the large amount of superstition and error still existing in our country, there is a far wider field for our missionary exertions than our regular ministers and missionaries can possibly work. It is only by mapping out the country into circuits, and organizing circuit preachers, without salaries, that we can develop a thorough propagand of our views. In most cases there would be found in our congregations youths adapted for training to this office.

Generally the minister of a congregation requires the co-operation of others, and the manifestation of a church-spirit by them, to aid him in his labours of love, or to solace and cheer him in his studies. Who so meet to render this as the youth of his congregation banded together to assist him in working its institutions? How efficient also might this intercourse be made for culturing their devotional spirit, preparing them to receive the ordinances of religion, and leading them to a daily walk with God.

Here were youth then, and there was work for them to do. Why should not the works of Sunday School Teaching, Tract Distribution, Circuit Preaching, and Devotional Exercise be organized together, and developed through one body, rather than by separate arrangements; and why should not a true apostolical church-spirit and the true religious tone of Christian fellowship

characterize markedly the organization? This seemed the right course, and hence the formation of our Band of Faith.

Its basis was the following document, which was signed by each who became a member.

COVENANT OF THE BAND OF FAITH.

"We hereby covenant, in becoming members of the Band of Faith, to do all in our power for the promotion of the knowledge of the Divine Unity, and to assist the Unitarian Church as Sunday School Teachers, as Tract Distributors, and, through God's blessing upon our studies, as Preachers of his truth, and in any other way that may be useful to the Ministers of our Church; and thus to fight the good Fight of Faith, and to lay hold of Eternal Life. And may God enable us to keep this vow and covenant, through Jesus Christ."—AMEN.

The muster of our Band takes place every Saturday evening, between 7 and 9 o'clock, and this time is recommended for other Bands, as when youths have met their minister of a Saturday evening, they are more likely to meet him of a Sunday morning. Local circumstances must affect the discipline of each Band which may be formed, and it is to be hoped that one will be established in each of our congregations. A few details of our own may be recorded. The mental exercises passed through are all such as will increase the influence of the Unitarian faith upon the minds of the students, while at the same time they are improved in general knowledge. Thus for instance the dictation of a theme upon the Divine Unity may be made a means of improvement in writing, spelling, punctuation and grammar, and become the foundation for a Sunday School lesson, or the basis for the composition of a sermon. Thus, also, from an exercise upon the proper object of worship—God, our Father, blessed for ever! written and extemporaneous prayer may be evolved; and so from an exercise upon the diffusion of truth epistolatory expression may be cultured, and letters written to those who question or misapprehend us upon the nature and evidences of our most holy faith. In such intellectual exercises our Band is drilled;

as the van of a mental army which should succeed the troops of physical force.

When our Band musters, also the operations of the past week are reported, and those of the coming one arranged. It is determined by whom and in what district tracts shall be distributed, and an efficient distribution of tracts has thus been organized, in covers, on which the covenant and a catechism are printed, and which have been specially published for the Band, and are to be followed by a series of tracts of which this is the preface. On these occasions, Sunday School arrangements are also considered, and the visitation of the parents of the children who may be absentees. This visitation is a very useful operation on the part of our Band, and has improved the attendance of our scholars. Anything of importance to the church is also reported at our meetings, and as our Band increases in age and discipline, it will extend its operations to missionary attempts in the villages and hamlets around.

Such is a brief account of the idea of Bands of Faith and of the mode in which one is working. It is written to recommend their organization to the ministers and congregations of our church, under the conviction that they will largely assist the former, and usefully develop the latter. And may the youth of our church also listen to its appeal, and range themselves under the banner of Christ, the captain of our salvation, and become peaceful soldiers of the cross and earnest contenders for the faith once delivered to the saints, and for the truth as it is in Jesus.

LIFE IS SWEET.

The following lines are from the pen of the late Rev. S. F. MACDONALD, Unitarian Minister, Rochdale.

"O! LIFE is sweet," said a merry child,
And I love, I love to roam,
In the meadows green, 'neath the sky serene,
O! the world is a fairy home.
There are trees hung thick, with blossoms fair,

And flowers are gay and bright;
There's the moon's clear ray, and the sunlit day;
Oh! the world is a world of light.

"O! life is sweet," said a gallant youth,
As he conn'd the storied page,
And he pondered o'er the days bye-gone,
And the fame of a former age.
There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,
And he longed for riper years;
He clung to life, he dared its strife,
He felt nor dread nor fears.

"O! life is sweet," came merrily
From the lips of a fair young bride,
And a happy smile she gave the while
To the dear one at her side.
"O! life is sweet," for we will live
Our constancy to prove,
Thy sorrow's mine, my trial's thine,
Our solace in our love.

"O! life is sweet," said a mother fond,
As she gazed on her helpless child,
And she closer pressed to her gladsome breast
Her babe, who unconscious smiled:
My life shall be for thee, my child,
Pure, guiltless, as thou art;
And who shall dare my soul to tear
From the tie that forms a part.

"O! life is sweet," said an aged sire,
Whose eye was sunk and dim,
His form was bent, his strength was spent,
Could life be sweet to him?
O! yes, for round the old man's chair
His children's children stood;
And each dear face and warm embrace
Made life seem ever young.

Thus "life is sweet" from early youth
To weak, enfeebled age;
Love twines with life, thro' care and strife,
In every varied stage;
And tho' perchance the path is rough,
And dark the sky above,
In every thing, there's something yet
To live for and to love.

IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY THOMAS BOWRING.

THERE is a parable usually known as that of the "Wedding Garment," which was spoken by our Lord a few days before his death on the cross, and it had special reference to that great event which was to bring into one the children of God. Under the semblance of a wedding-feast (Matt. xxii. 1-14) was set forth the existing state of the Jews and the Gentiles, the one the chosen people, the others aliens—outcasts. The Jews were those bidden at first to the wedding, but they had refused—churlishly and contemptuously—had gone to their farms and their merchandise, and had even ill-treated and put to death the servants who had brought them the invitations. The Gentiles were the wayfarers—foot-tired—travel-stained—with no friends—no man caring for their souls. But they were now bidden to the marriage because the Jews had made light of, and unwisely turned aside from it. So, most unexpectedly, and to the great mortification of the first bidden, the wedding was furnished with guests. This parable was entirely Jewish in its form, that it might be well understood by the persons to whom it was originally addressed. We of the present day need to have some of its circumstances explained, as our habits and customs are, in many respects, very different from those of Eastern people, such as were the Jews of our Saviour's time; and this remark peculiarly applies to one of the circumstances named, the guest without the wedding garment. Many pious but mistaken Christians believe that the wedding garment means the imputed righteousness of Christ. This incident, therefore, requires a little explanation. It was the custom of great people in the East (and perhaps still is) to provide on occasions of public entertainment robes for the guests, to be worn by them during the festival; whilst to neglect or to refuse to wear these was regarded as a great insult to the entertainer, and would cause the immediate and disgraceful expulsion of any one so offending from the company; to be forcibly driven from the entertainment with its lights, and music, and joyousness, into darkness, and cold, and solitude, where the thought of all the good that had been thus foolishly forfeited would cause bitter, though unavailing remorse, "weeping and gnashing of teeth." The guest who had not on the wedding garment had shown this want of respect towards the master of the feast. It might have been pride on his part. Why should he change his raiment? Why were not his own garments—soiled and tattered as they might be—good enough for the company and the place? So we are told of one who purposely dirtied with his feet the carpet of his friend, saying, "Thus I trample on Plato's pride;" "and with pride still greater," was the proper reply. The guest here was ill-mannered and presumptuous, and as such was he treated. It was a warning also to others not to slight the kindness—unmerited on their part—with which they were received.

And this is the moral of the parable. We are to take with all humility and thankfulness what is offered to us of the free grace of God, and to take on his terms, not ours. We must not presume to know better than he, nor must we slight his calls, nor on obeying them plume ourselves on our own merits, which are very likely far greater in our own sight than in his. And we are to honour the table he spreads for our enjoyment by appearing there in the robes he allots for our wear. The garment he provides for each one of us is that of praise. It is that worn by the Lord Jesus, and worn by him it must adorn ourselves; it is made of light, and purity, and love; and it must cover us, or we shall not be worthy to sit at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

But here is the mischief. The parable is not suffered to teach us this lesson so simple and yet so beautiful. We are told that here is a plain recognition of the doctrine of Imputed Righteousness. The wedding garment is Christ's righteousness imputed, transferred to the believer, and thus stands him in the stead of his own righteousness. The guest also, who had not on this garment, was one who rejected the salvation offered in the gospel—would not come into the gospel scheme—and therefore was punished with everlasting destruction. Now all this is a mistake, and a very great one. Neither righteousness nor guilt is capable of being transferred. The whole righteousness of Christ will not do me an atom of good, if I do not earnestly strive to work out my own salvation. Christ gives me motives (and with reverential gratitude I acknowledge it) to obedience, and I believe that the Holy Spirit of God works with my spirit when I desire to seek the Lord and to be found in the way of his commandments; but to suppose that any of our blessed Lord's holiness is imputed to me, whilst I live careless, neglectful, or in the practice of presumptuous sins, and that this holiness will become my own, without any effort on my part; that it will cover my transgressions and make me pure and acceptable in the sight of my Maker, is an idea so monstrous, that I can hardly conceive it possible to have been entertained by any sane mind. No, I dare not thus make Christ the minister of sin. I have not so learned him. I read that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die," that as a man sows he shall reap, that every man must bear his own burden, that all men will be judged for the deeds they have done in the body; therefore whatever be meant by the wedding garment, Christ's imputed righteousness cannot be meant. We must seek the meaning elsewhere. Nor have we far to seek. The true explanation lies ready to our hands, and it cannot be better made than in the words of Mr. Livermore, in his commentary on the parable: "It is required of every Christian that he be clothed with humility and all the graces of the Spiritual life, else his presence will be impertinent in the guest-chamber of his Lord." And this was the fault of the man who intruded himself into the festal room without the requisite preparation. He had, it is most likely, scornfully rejected the offered robe, thus shewing a want of that profound

respect which the beneficent entertainer required. So there is a wedding garment now offered to every disciple of Christ, and if the disciple will not wear it, he renders but lip-service; he has not yet given his heart, and without the heart all outward professions are vain.

The Master wills that his table be amply furnished with guests, and he gathers them from the highways and the byeways, from the ends of the earth, out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue; but then he expects that these guests be clad in the garments he has taken care to provide for them, so that they may neither disgrace him nor themselves. The wedding garment is of spotless purity, of the finest texture, and the most graceful form; such as angels might wear; such as distinguishes those whom the Lord hath called and sealed; Solomon in all his glory was not so arrayed. It must contract no soil from earth, because it is made for God's presence, and for immortality. Its materials are peace, and love, and joy in the Holy Spirit, and thus was it worn and kept from all blemishes by Apostles and Martyrs—by the great High Priest of our profession himself. It is without spot or wrinkle, or any other defect. Those who wear it have put on the Lord Jesus Christ; they are redeemed from the world, and they thus walk in white because they are worthy. The righteousness of one cannot be imputed to another, but the mind of Christ may be in all; they may drink in his spirit—that of power and love, and of a sound mind—and thus his holiness will profit them, and thus will they be transformed into his image.

And let careless livers be warned. Such may imagine from what they have read, or been told, that Christ will do all their work for them. Never was there a greater mistake. He has promised nothing of the kind. He tells us that it is those who have *done good* who shall come to the resurrection of life, and that there are twelve hours in the day in which a man ought to work; works of holiness, righteousness, love, make up the wedding garment, and he who has not this robe has none but himself to blame. The disgrace and punishment he will receive for his neglect or obstinacy will be fully deserved. Perhaps he thinks to go to heaven in his own way, and despises that which is marked out for him; he may prefer his own sordid, tattered, weather-beaten habiliments to the clean and becoming ones offered for his use; prefer his own opinions, desires, pursuits, to those the gospel recommends. He wants humility and a docile mind. Well, he makes his election, and he must stand by the consequences. His self-conceit must be abated, his selfishness checked, his pride brought low, his unruly passions tamed—and the process may be most painfully severe—but he cannot enter heaven with his present views and practices; or should he, by any chance, get there, he must endure the cutting question, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" and then he must go into the outer darkness, till his iniquity be purged; till every sinful habit be destroyed, till he learn that "*without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*"

GOD FOR EVER LIVING.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!

Our God is good, in every place

His love is known, his help is found,

His mighty arm and tender grace

Bring good from ills that hem us round.

Easier than we think can he

Turn to joy our agony;

Soul, remember, 'mid thy pains,

God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!

Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then thy

To Him where only rest is sweet;

Thy God is great, his mercy nigh,

His strength upholds the tottering feet,

Trust him, for his grace is sure,

Ever doth his truth endure;

Soul, forget not, in thy pains,

God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

O my Soul! despair thou never!

When sins and follies long forgot

Upon thy tortured conscience prey,

Oh! come to God, and fear him not,

His love shall sweep them all away.

Pains of hell at look of his

Change to calm content and bliss.

Soul, forget not, in thy pain,

God o'er all doth ever reign.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!

Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,

Who stand bewildered with their woe,

God gently to his bosom takes,

And bids them all his fullness know.

In thy sorrows' swelling flood

Own his hand who seeks thy good.

Soul, forget not, in thy pains,

God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul! despair thou never!

Let earth and heaven, outworn with age,

Sink to the chaos whence they came;

Let angry foes against us rage,

Let hell shoot forth his fiercest flame;

Fear not Death nor Satan's thrusts,

God defends who in him trusts;

Soul, remember, in thy pains,

God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!

What though thou tread with bleeding feet

A thorny path of grief and gloom,

Thy God will choose the way most meet

To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.

For this life's long night of sadness

He will give thee peace and gladness.

Soul, forget not, in thy pains,

God o'er all for ever reigns.

Lyra Germanica.

A SUBJECT NOW AGITATING THE CHURCHES.

IN an article published some years ago in the *Biblical Repository*, Professor Stuart confesses that in the very bosom of Orthodox Churches there are multitudes whose souls cannot be reconciled to the awful dogma of endless woe. The extract we now make will show how his own humane heart struggled with his cast-iron and repulsive faith:

"No reflecting mind can wonder that so many among us are *deeply agitated* by this subject. There are not a few whose minds are *filled with difficulty* in respect to the subject of endless misery in a future world. . . . No subject which can come before the mind is *more agitating or more deeply interesting* than that which respects the duration of endless misery. . . . If it be true that all men will be saved, it is one of the most interesting truths—in some respects the most interesting truth—ever published to our guilty and sinful race. . . . The social sympathies, too, of some men are deeply concerned with the formation of their religious opinions. They have lost a near and dear friend by death, one who never made any profession of religion, or gave good reason to suppose that his mind was particularly occupied with it. What shall they think of his case? Can they believe that one so dear to them has become eternally wretched, an outcast for ever from God? Can they endure the thought that they are never to see or associate with him more? Can heaven be a place of happiness for them while they are conscious that a husband or a wife, a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, is plunged into a lake of fire from which there is no escape? It is impossible, they aver, to overcome such sympathies as these. It would be unnatural and monstrous to suppress them.

They are therefore, as they view the case, constrained to doubt whether the misery of a future world can be endless. If there be any whose breasts are strangers to such difficulties as these, they are to be congratulated on having made attainments beyond the reach of humanity in the present world, or else to be pitied for ignorance or the want of a sympathy which seems to be among the first elements of our social nature. With the great mass of thinking Christians I am sure such thoughts as these must, unhappily for them, be acquaintances too familiar. That they agitate our breasts as storms do the mighty deep, will be testified by every man of tender heart, and who has a deep concern in the present and future welfare of those whom he loves.

. . . This doctrine has become so wide spread in Germany that it pervades the ranks even of those who are regarded as serious and evangelical men in respect to most or all of what is called Orthodox doctrines, saving the point before us. . . . That there are difficulties pressed by it (the doctrine of eternal punishment) on the mind, when any one thinks of his own condition—that of his beloved friends or brethren of the human race—it would be mere pretence

to deny. . . . If parents, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, must see those dear as their own lives perish at last, while they themselves are saved, Heaven in mercy will either extinguish their social susceptibilities, or else give them such a sweet and overpowering sense of the justice and goodness of God as shall not permit the joys of the blessed to be marred, nor the song of the redeemed to be interrupted with sighs of sympathetic sorrow."

Mark what ground the good man was obliged to take in order to sustain his creed: God in mercy will either *extinguish our social sympathies*, give us hearts of stone, so that we shall not murmur or weep over the endless woes of our dearest friends, or we shall be swallowed up in the love of God as never more to know sympathy or compassion for the eternally lost! Ponder it well, ye who hold the same cheerless creed.

A BAD HABIT.

A GREAT many husbands, especially in the country, spend their evenings away from home. Is this right? Is it generous? Has not the wife as good a right to spend her evenings abroad? And what would the husband think to be left alone to take care of the house? Is it fair? Did you not promise to love your wife and to cherish her? And is this the way to fulfil your vows? Home should be the pleasantest of all places, to both husband and wife. There the evenings of both should be spent. And this is the way to keep alive the fires of love, and to warm the heart with a generous unselfishness. Wives may not complain, but they feel deeply the absence of their husbands. They want their company, want their sympathy, and they ought to have it. Especially, if there are children in the house, should the husband be at home. The wife, in her sphere, labours as hard as the husband and father.

And what good comes of lounging at the tavern? It is a *habit*, and a *bad* habit. We do not object to passing an evening occasionally in this way, when it is necessary in the way of business. But it is a bad sign to see a man hanging about in the evening. It shows that he has not the highest ideal of life. He does not care much for mental improvement, nor for the society of woman. The best husbands are those who love their wives best, love their company, and do the most to make them happy. The best fathers are lovers of home; lovers of their children. To a good husband and father, absence from home is always regretted. It is submitted to as a necessity, when it cannot be avoided; but the good husband and father loves his home; loves his family; delights in the circle of domestic affection; and is never so happy as under his own roof, and among those of his own blood. Husbands, think of this; and if you have acquired the habit of absence from home for mere trifles; if your evenings are lounged away at the tavern, break off at once, and acquire the habit of staying at home; of helping your wife, and becoming her companion, and the companion of your children.

THE LOSS OF CHILDREN.

No trial falls on the human heart without some peculiarity of grief. It is the pang in the early removal of children, that their death seems to be so premature and untimely. Their little frames were undeveloped. Their lives were not half spent. Their school-lesson of the earth was but lisped, not learned. The flower was plucked half-opened, and the fruit fell green. Hopes perished unfledged, and a thousand fond endearments are all that remain of the too brief intercourse with their angel spirits.

"They came the cup of life to sip;
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
They meekly put it from their lip,
And went to sleep again."

But if the grief is peculiar, the alleviation and consolations are also characteristic. No bitter memories of wrongs or alienations remain to sting the heart. The record is clear and pure. No apprehensions for their sakes can climb upward to the heavenly places where the Lover of children, as of old, folds them in his arms, and takes them to his bosom. What hopes died here are transplanted to open, and bloom in a new and more congenial spring. They have tasted life without being defiled by it. Others go to heaven in the holiness and righteousness of Christ; but they go in the innocence of God. Human education their powers will not receive, but they will enjoy the tuition of angels. They will be spared, oh! how much trial, and sorrow, and disease, and sin. They will not be obliged to undergo fatigue, and meet the storms of life. They will never hear the cannon's awful thunder, nor see brothers charge bayonets on brothers. Life and its weary cares, war and its infinite woes, sin and its remorse—this cup is not given them to drink. If they have early lost earth, they have early gained heaven.

But there is a pathos in the sickness and death of children not known to other sorrows. So young, so fair, so beautiful, but so frail and perishable! They lived but to die. It is so hard to see them suffer. It is so impossible to relieve their pains, or even to explain them. They turn their wistful eyes to us for help, but they read in our faces only despair. They moan in their sufferings for relief, but the balm that can soothe their pangs grows not on earth. They are gone. The sun is eclipsed in the morning; and dark, dark are the homes late so cheery with their merry, tinkling voices, and glad with their artless ways and laughing sports.

But here faith comes to assure us of what reason never could have discovered—that the plan of God has suffered no defeat in their early translation. Heaven is to be rich with innocence as well as holiness. One way of Providence to rebuke our overweening estimate of death, and to show us what a mere ripple it is on the unending stream, is to allow its strokes to be promiscuous, and its sickle to gather in the flowers, as well as the seeds and fruit, in its ample sweep. If God can afford to lose their service on earth, we will learn to bear the loss of their company. They are his, even more than ours; and shall not the owner have what is his own? He brings

them earlier into possession of their celestial estates, and makes them sons and daughters in his palace, without apprenticeship or delay. We might distrust the wisdom of our gifts to them of clothes or jewels, or even of this or that education; or calling, or inheritance; but we cannot doubt God's wise, and early, and splendid gift to them of heaven.

They are not lost, but gone before. They have gone to prepare a home for us. They will know us, and we shall know them. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—*Christian Inquirer.*

THE FATHER'S MONITOR.

THE INFLUENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

"ARISE, my son," a father said;
"Arise ere morning blushes red,

And while there's none to see,
For many an orchard bending now
Beneath the weight of burthened bough
Will yield us booty free.

Then rise, my boy, and we'll away,
Whate'er we take is lawful prey."

The moon was paling in the sky
As o'er the wet grass guiltily
The father led his child.

Bright dawn upraised night's dusky screen,
Till once again arrayed in green
Stood out the hedgerows wild.
And now, all bathed with early dew,
Appeared an orchard full in view.

"Why stop you, boy?—'tis but the breeze
Low whisp'ring to the waving trees,
Not sound of human feet,
That fills with dread your coward ear!
Then haste—this orchard-gate we'll clear,
And soon our work complete.
For I the country round have scanned,
And there's no gazer, boy, at hand!"

Thus spoke the man in angry tone.
"Dear father, are we all alone?"
This young son made reply—
"You've looked around—but did you gaze
Straight upward thro' the morning haze
At yonder glowing sky,
To see if God, who cannot sleep,
His watchful eye did o'er us keep?"

A word in season—it is good!
Like one entranced the father stood,
Then answered, hoarse and low,

"If true—this were an awful thing;
But 'tis from Sunday School you bring
These fancies, boy, I know.
And yet, we'll take no fruit to-day,
In case it should be as you say."

The son and father both were gone
Before the earliest sunbeams shone

Upon that orchard fair;
And undespoiled by mortal hand
The clust'ring fruit trees idly fanned
With languid boughs the air.
'Twas silence all—yet still and clear
A voice seemed whisp'ring "God is here!"

London.

B. A. J.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.—Some know, only to know; some know, to be known; some know, to practise what they know. Now, to know only to know—that is curiosity. To know, to be known—that is vain glory. But to know, to practise what we know—that is Gospel duty. This shows a man a complete Christian; the other without this, shows a man to be only almost a Christian.

LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.—According to naturalists, the longevity of animals may be classified as follows:—Rabbits, 6 to 7 years; squirrels, 7 to 8; foxes, 14 to 15; cats, 15 to 16; dogs, 16 to 18 (that of Argus, the dog of Ulysses, mentioned in Homer, was 20); bears and wolves, 18 to 20; rhinoceroses, 20 to 22; fowls, 25 to 28; porpoises, 28 to 30; rooks and camels, 100; tortoises, 110; eagles, 120; swans, 160; elephants, 400; and whales, according to Cuvier, 1,000 years.

STRANGE TRANSFORMATIONS.—The *London Review*, of December 28th, says that strange transformations distinguish the days in which our lot is cast. Had any one predicted a dozen years ago that the Bishop of London would preach in an omnibus yard; the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell in a potato, fruit and cabbage market; the Bishop of Oxford at a railway station, amid the hissing of steam and rolling of locomotives, and last, but not least, that every Sunday afternoon and evening ministers of all denominations, rector, vicar, curate, Wesleyan preacher, and independent ministers would take up their places in succession on the stage, and preach divine lessons to crowded audiences, he would have been set down as a fanatic or a dreamer. Yet these are the weekly scenes and the recurring acts of a drama, earnest, real, full of instruction and rich in fruits.

DO THE RIGHT THING.—Whenever you are in doubt which of two things to do, let your decision be for that which is right. Do not waver, do not parley; but square up to the mark, and *do the right thing*. Boy! when you divide that apple with your little sister, be careful not to keep the largest half for yourself. Young man! don't sneak out of that basement door because you wish to escape your father's eyes. Maiden! let not the most trifling deceit pass current in those little acts which make the sum of your life. No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure yourself, is to *do the right thing*. You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim at it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still always and in all cases *do the right thing*. Your first lessons in this will grow easier, until finally doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do a wrong will seem an absolute impossibility.

REMEMBER.—If you pursue good with labour, the labour passes away, but the good remains; if you pursue evil with pleasure, the pleasure passes away, but the evil remains.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—Well has a forcible writer said: "Flowers are not trifles, as one might know from the pains God has taken with them everywhere; not one unfinished, not one bearing the marks of brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain winters, gracing the pulseless heart of the gray old granite, everywhere they are charming. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button-holes: villains seldom train vines over cottage doors." And another adds: "Flowers are for the young and for the old, for the grave and the dead; for all but the guilty, and for them when they are penitent."

PURITAN LONDON IN THE CIVIL WAR.—No European metropolis has ever displayed a higher character for purity of morals, for calmness in the midst of danger, for disinterested patriotism (even if it were misled), for a universal respect for religion, united with earnestness and zeal in the discharge of all its duties. An almost perfect unanimity prevailed, and enthusiasm ran high. . . . The consciousness of power, or the more invigorating consciousness of right, imparted an air of tranquility strangely at variance with the perils which threatened the city from day to day. . . . Scholars pursued their studies; merchants and their families relaxed themselves with books; through the whole of London and its suburbs, order and sobriety prevailed. Playhouses and public spectacles were prohibited, and the once-favourite bear-garden was closed. If not sinful, they were at least unsuited to a season of national distress. Sunday was hallowed with a seriousness unknown before. . . . There was a profound cessation from all worldly business; the streets were still; the churches were crowded. There were no private entertainments, no fashionable walks; but within the family circle, religious conversation, the exercises of devotion, the reading of God's word, and catechising, filled up the remainder of the day: and on the morrow the Puritans came forth by thousands from a day of perfect rest—the rest not of a mind that stagnates, but that more refreshing and profound repose which an entire change in the direction of our tide of thought supplies—like giants refreshed with wine. . . . Between the restlessness of other days and the sudden stillness of the day of rest, the contrast was sublime. Nature seemed to have paused in adoration of her Maker, and man appears to have recovered the sense of his immortality. Whatever were its vices, the age was not frivolous; the Puritans were not men of vacant mind, and the Sunday rigidly observed was not a weariness.—*Marsden's History of the Later Puritans*.

All Letters, Post-Office Orders, &c., to be addressed to ROBERT SPEARS, 39, Stamford-street, London, S.

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